

THE GOSPEL AN ANTIDOTE TO DEATH'S FEARS.

A SERMON,

PREACHED IN THE

METHODIST CHURCH, CHAPEL HILL,

APRIL 13, 1856,

IN MEMORY OF

MRS. SARAH G. BURKHEAD;

BY REV. H. T. HUDSON,

OF THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE.

RALEIGH:

A. M. GORMAN, PRINTER—SPIRIT OF THE AGE OFFICE.
1856.



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CORRESPONDENCE.

REV. H. T. HUDSON :—*Dear Brother*—I sincerely desire a copy of the very appropriate Sermon, delivered by you in the M. E. Church, on the 13th inst., *in memory of my beloved companion*, for publication.

I hope you will find it convenient to comply with the earnest request of a brother *deeply* afflicted.

I wish to circulate a few copies of that Discourse among *our relatives* and *special friends*, as an abiding memorial of one whose life was cheerful and happy—beautifully consistent with the principles of the Gospel—and whose death displayed in a most striking manner its sufficiency to light up the “dark valley,” and cause the tongue quivering in death to sing for joy.

Yours in Christian love,

L. S. BURKHEAD.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., April 28, 1856.

REV. L. S. BURKHEAD :—*Dear Brother*—Yours of the 28th inst. has been received. In obedience to your earnest request, I send you the Manuscript containing *substantially* what was said in the Discourse.

Affectionately,

H. T. HUDSON.

CHAPEL HILL, April 29, 1856.

DISCOURSE.

“Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil. And deliver them, who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage.”—Hebrews II: 14, 15.

The text implies that death is a fearful and dreadful thing. It has been called the “king of terrors,” in reference to the greatness of dread it produces on the human race. Its approach makes the bravest crouch as a trembling slave, and the boldest quail with exceeding fear. It is not the mere physical pain realized in the act of dying, that clothes death with such startling fears. For often protracted illness paralyzes the power of sensibility, so that the consciousness of bodily suffering is gone, and yet gloomy fears hang around the dying bed. Thus we see that in the absence of all conscious physical suffering, the spirit is frightened as the cold shadow of death darkens its sun of life.—There must be something besides the mere *pain* of dying, that gives death power to enslave man in the bondage of fear.

“The dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveler returns—puzzles the will,”

and chills the heart with undefinable fears.

It is not wonderful, that death should hold man in the bondage of fear, however, though nothing after death puzzled the will. For what power has death to break up the avocations of men? At its bidding, the servant ceases to toil for his master—the farmer to sow his seed for harvest—the mechanic to wield his hammer for family sustenance. Its imperious voice calls the teacher from his chair of instruction—the lawyer from the bar—the judge from the bench—the statesman from the legislative hall—the orator from the rostrum, vocal with charming eloquence—the preacher from the pulpit, luminous with heavenly radiance. At its lighting touch, the historian drops his recording pen—the functionary his ermine—the warrior his banner—the king his ruling sceptre—the tree of humanity its loveliest flowers—

the firmament of christianity its brightest stars. Whatever has such power as this must be fearful to mankind. The advent of death is irresistible—its time veiled in the deepest obscurity—its mission is to level all—

“The sceptred king, the burthened slave,
The humble, and the haughty die,
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust without distinction lie.”

And by these, death holds men in the bondage of fear.—Death, with his battle-axe cleaves the soul and body asunder; lays the latter in the “deep, damp vault” to slumber in companionship with rayless darkness, loathsome worms, and despatches the former on a lonely journey into the limitless continent of eternity, to be everlastingly happy, or miserable.

It is not at all strange, then, that men should fear death. There is ample reason for this fear. But the text tells us, that Christ assumed the nature of man to deliver those, “who, through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage.” In other words, *the text teaches the doctrine, that the Gospel strips death of all its fears—robs sin of its sting—divests death of its dreads, and the grave of its victory.* So that the believer is delivered from all those things that make death painful.

In fine, the Gospel of Christ swallows up death in victory.

This will appear in considering the grounds of fearing death, and how completely the Gospel removes these grounds.

1. *Death is fearful, because it is a penalty of sin.* “The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law.”—Thus we see that the dart of death is fearful, because pointed with the venom of sin. Sin makes death bite like a mad-dened serpent, and sting like a poisonous adder. Death, finding man under the condemnation of the law, brings up his past sins, “terrible as an army with banners,” to alarm, and driving arrows of deep remorse, points with his bony finger to the horrors of the second death as the soul’s sure destiny. No wonder death is feared, coming with these horrors to seize the sinner.

But to the believer, the Gospel brings deliverance from this ground of fear. His sin is pardoned, and so the sting of death is extracted. There is no condemnation of the law abiding upon him. No past sins to rise up and condemn—no biting remorse to torment—no gloomy forebodings to dread. *He is sheltered in Christ.* “There is therefore now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit. For the law

of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." Thus we see that the spirit of the gospel makes us free from the law of sin and death.— "The righteous hath hope in his death, and this hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost." With the pleasing sense of pardoning love abiding in the heart, the dying believer triumphs over death, exclaiming, "O! death, where is thy sting? O! grave, where is thy victory?"

This triumph over death is often clearly exemplified on the death-bed of Christians. We will give a few cases.— Mr. Wesley, on his dying bed, exclaimed, "The best of all is, God is with us." Dr. Goodwin, when dying so peacefully, asked: "Is this dying? How have I dreaded as an enemy this smiling friend." The Rev. Thomas Scott was so happy while dying as to say: "This is heaven begun—satan is vanquished—nothing now remains but salvation with eternal glory." The pious Dr. Payson, on his dying pillow, exclaimed: "God is in this room. I see him; and oh! how lovely is the sight; how glorious does he appear; worthy of ten thousand hearts, if I had so many to give." Soon after this, when the clammy sweat of death was gathering upon his brow, he exclaimed, like a victorious warrior, fresh from the field of triumph: "The battle is fought! and *victory is won forever.*" And then uttered the following sentences, so full of pathos and inspiring eloquence: "The celestial city is fully in view—its glories beam upon me—its breezes fan me—its odors are wafted to me—its music strikes my ear, and its spirit breathes into my heart; nothing separates me from it, but the river of death, which now appears as a narrow rill, which may be crossed at a single step, whenever God gives permission." These examples show how completely and gloriously the fear of death is swallowed up in the victory won by the Gospel. And here the glory of christianity is seen in armoring the christian with such power as to conquer death, that had led the world as a chained captive to his bloody chariot, rolling victoriously over the mightiest conquerors of earth. But now death, the defiant conqueror of all conquerors, is led the chained captive to the wheels of the christian's chariot. "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

2. *Death is fearful, because it has power to destroy the body.* The disease paling the cheek of health, distempering the body, palsyng an active limb, yet not threatening life, is feared. But death batters down the physical man—the

beautiful and wondrous residence of the intelligent spirit is crushed to dust under its ponderous blow. This walking palace of the soul, so lovely in charming beauty, so admirable in divine workmanship, so versatile in active exertion, with its eye-windows flashing the ethereal fires of the soul, and its tireless tongue of song and eloquence, must crumble to its original dust, and become so loathsome as to be hid in the grave, to keep it from offending the living. Death works all this ruin, and hence is feared.

But the Gospel removes this ground of fear in its clearly revealed doctrine of a glorious resurrection.

“For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.”

“The Lord shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body.”

What though this body lies in its dusty bed, without form or comeliness, shorn of all former strength, robbed of all its living charms, yet the Almighty power of God shall raise it up at the last day, and it shall stand forth, girded with the strength of immortality, beaming in the perfection of fadeless beauty, and shining in the heavenly splendor of Christ's glorified body.

Why, then, should the christian fear the grave, when it is but the attiring room for defective mortals to put on the perfective glory of an ever blooming immortality?

Why dread it, when it is the consecrated chamber for redeemed humanity to array herself in the bridal robes of celestial livery, to be a fit companion to associate with the beauteous tenantry of the upper world?

Thus we see that this fear is swallowed in victory.

3. *Death is fearful ; because it ends man's probation, and ushers him into the immediate presence of God.* On the separation of soul and body, the latter goes to its dust, and the former to God. “Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it.” Here, we see, that death introduces the soul into the immediate presence of God.

Man feels emotions of fear on entering into a strange country, whose customs, laws and inhabitants are all new.—But these emotions must be vastly increased, when the lonely spirit wings its way into that “undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns,” to give local tidings to others, and into the holy presence of Him, whose spotless purity causes seraphim to cry, “Holy, holy, holy, is the

Lord of Hosts," whose smile lights up heaven with imperishable glory, whose frown is the darkness which shrouds hell in its endless gloom. This fear haunts the departing spirit of the dying sinner. A noted infidel said when dying: "I make a leap in the dark." What painful doubt shrouded his mind! Socrates, the prince of Grecian Philosophers, found no sure ground to rest upon from all his philosophy, when dying. He said to weeping friends: "I am going to die, and you to live; which is best I know not." But the gospel removes this ground of dread from the Christian's mind, by a strict assurance of meeting a reconciled Father in eternity.

The Christian has been already taught to say "Abba Father." He goes to God as a dutiful child goes to a loving father, being assured beforehand of meeting the welcome greeting, "*Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.*"

This pleasing assurance of a happy admission into God's immediate presence is forcibly expressed by St. Paul, when standing on the brink of the eternal world: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also, that love His appearing." How triumphant this assurance of being crowned an heir of eternal life on his arrival to God.

4. *Death is fearful; because it banishes man from his earthly home.* Banishment from one's native country is considered a sufficient punishment for certain crimes.—Exile is even dreaded, when it is only a migration from one part of the earth to another, with the hope of future return. But the decree of death banishes the sinful spirit from its beautiful home into "utter darkness," where there is "weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth," without the faintest hope of return.

Men have strong attachments to this earth, as it is their home of love, enjoyment and active life. They love to tread the green earth—to see its blooming vales—its towering mountains—its broad rivers and heaving seas—its bright sun, silvery moon and twinkling stars.

But *death exiles them from this pleasant abode, and sin banishes the unpardoned into "outer darkness,"* where no sun glitters—no star sparkles—no fragrant flower blossoms—no

splendid cities hum with the song of mirth, but all is deep darkness and dreary void. Hence, men fear death on this account. But the gospel opens to the Christian a lovelier country, a fairer land of pure delight, whose celestial beauty was but faintly typed in the beautiful Eden first prepared for man; whose riches were but dimly adumbrated in the Jewish Canaan; and whose imperishable splendors are but partially disclosed in the apocalyptic vision. *There*, the New Jerusalem, "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband," stands with its Jasper walls, its golden streets, its pearly gates, its tree of life waving in eternal freshness, its pure river clear as chrystal flowing to beautify the inhabitants. *There* the out-beaming glory of God scatters night away, and lights up the city with meridian splendor. For "the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." This prospect of a better home causes the christian to ever rejoice at death banishing him from his earthly dwelling place. For here is consoling comfort in these words of his Saviour: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." Why, then, should the christian fear death's banishment, when it is but a banishment from the wilderdes of sin to the paradise of holiness? When it is but an exile from a leaky cabin to a princely palace—a removal from a crumbling cottage to a bright mansion built by divine power and filled with divine glory.

5. *Death is fearful; because it separates man from society.* Man is naturally a social being, and much of his happiness is bound up in congenial companionship. A certain one remarks, that solitude is fit for no one but a mad-man, or a God who has an eternal self-sufficiency within the bounds of his own nature. The remark is forcible. A man in absolute solitude must draw his happiness from the well within, which is soon exhausted without any channel of replenishing. Of course he must be miserable. Death separating the ungodly from family relatives, friendly neighbors and pleasant companions, is feared, because of this *snapping of living ties*. But the christian has nothing to fear. True there is a separation from his christian companions, but this is only temporary. The dying saint goes just a little in advance of his fellow companions.

If all his friends are christians, they will meet him ere long; if not, he loses nothing by the separation. The christian society is a great army marching to the celestial Canaan. Some of this army have crossed the Jordan of death, and entered safely the land of promise. Others are yet in the wilderness, but the same God who led the home-landed pilgrims in safety and triumph, will bring up those in the wilderness in due time, to join the blood-washed throngs with songs of deliverance and greetings of renewed friendship.— Besides all this, the departed saint forms new companions of the purest character. He leaves weeping companions on this side of Jordan who will follow soon, but he does not go into a desert to sit in solitary loneliness till they arrive; but goes “unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and an innumerable company of angels: To the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant.” Thus we see, that the temporary separation from a few earthly friends is infinitely compensated by the happy privilege of joining the shining hosts of holy angels, of glorified saints, of seeing God “face to face” in His unfolding glory, of beholding Jesus “as he is, the fairest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely,” of sitting down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the deep repose of eternal rest.

6. *Finally, death is feared; because it deprives men of their pleasures.* The wine-bibber is forced from his intoxicating cups, the money-grasping miser is divorced from his gold idol, the swinish epicurean no longer sits around the festive board of luxurious dainties, the fame seeker hears no more the thundering applause, so musical to his ever-listening ear. All earthly pleasures fledge and fly away at the approach of death. Men may carry their passions to desire, their appetites to rage, their thirsts to pant, with them into eternity, but the means of gratification are removed forever.

The rich man was clothed in purple and fared sumptuously every day in this world, but death dislodged him from his comforts, and fixed his abode in hell; and he cried for water to cool his tongue, but was answered: “Remember, that *thou in thy life-time receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented.*”

Here we see, that the ungodly are deprived of all their pleasures by death, while the godly are taken to higher,

nobler, sublimer pleasures. Hence, the sinful have just ground to fear death, while the righteous are delivered from this fear by the blessings of the gospel. The christian loses no happiness by death, but gains deeper, purer and greater bliss. "For me to live is Christ, and to die is *gain*," says St. Paul. By living he spreads the glory of Christ over the earth, but by dying he enters upon the blessed enjoyment of that "inheritance, which is incorruptible, undefiled and fadeth not away." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth: yea saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors."

Joys on earth are imperfect as to quality, mingled with many grains of alloy, tinged with the dark hues of melancholy. They are fleeting as to duration—fleeing at the touch of disappointment, withering under the breath of every disease, embittered constantly by sin's seductive influence. They are limited in quantity—leaving many deep cells of the soul unfilled, which are but aching voids of restlessness.—But on dying, the christian "*enters into the joy of his Lord*," where there is fullness of joy. For we are told, "In thy presence is *fullness of joy*, at thy right hand are *pleasures forevermore*." Here is fullness of joy for the departed saint. Every capacity of the soul is full to overflowing. No aching voids, no empty cells, no unsatisfied wants, but all full of pure blessedness. In *thy presence* is *fullness* of joy and nowhere else. *There* joys float upon every breeze, grow upon every tree, roll in every stream, chaunt in every song, beam in every eye, bound in every heart. And these joys are not mingled with the ingredients of sorrow, but are such as spring from the holy presence of God; chaste, pure, spiritual joys, swelling up in fullness from the Divine Throne, and flowing as a "pure river clear as crystal," to gladden with morning freshness and evergreen verdure the wide extended plains of immortal life. And again, they are "*pleasures evermore*"—eternal in duration. Not like the flowers blooming to-day on the mountain side, and to-morrow lie withered and strewn, but more lasting than the mountain itself. Not like the rainbow bending its beautiful arch one hour, and then vanishing; but they will be fresh, bright and glorious, when sun, moon and stars have ceased to glitter. Celestial glory is their quality—divine fullness their quantity, and eternity their duration.

Why then, should the christian fear to give up the rill of pleasure here, when he goes to the deep, clear ocean of happiness? Why fear to give up the crumbs here, when he is

admitted as a guest to the great supper of the Lamb, spread in its rich fullness in heaven? Why fear to give up the gleanings in the field of time, when the ripe, vast and waving harvest of eternal life invites him to put in his sickle and reap "joys unspeakable and full of glory?" We see then that while death removes the sinner from all his pleasures, it only opens the gate to the christian to that beauteous world of everlasting bliss :

"Where the rivers of pleasure, flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transporter to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul."

Having discussed the main principles of the text, we now take pleasure in giving a brief memoir of our departed Sister, whose death called forth the sermon. The rich consolation of the text was enjoyed by our departed sister. She realized the blessed experience of conquering death—of fearing no evil while passing "through the dark valley and shadow of death." The comforting doctrine of a glorious resurrection—of meeting a smiling Father in heaven—of entering a celestial home so bright and beautiful—of meeting there and rejoining separated and beloved friends—of enjoying there the riches of eternal life, were solid grounds of happiness and great peace to her, when all earthly stays had been removed by death. But to be more definite about the character of our departed sister, we will state something of her pious life and happy death. The narrative shall be plain and brief, giving only some of the characteristics of her purity in life, and triumph in death: Sarah G. Burkhead, the daughter of Grey and Eliza Utley, residents of Chapel Hill, Orange County, N. C., was born the 21st of June, 1838. Her parents are pious members of the M. E. Church, who had the pleasing testimony from her dying lips, that they had raised her in those religious principles, that made her life useful and her dying moments happy. The highest consolation that parents can have from their children, is to know that they lived well, and died with a good hope of heaven. This, the parents of our departed friend have in a high degree. Mrs. Burkhead made a profession of religion when but twelve years old. Her conversion was clear and satisfactory. She "grew in grace and the knowledge of Jesus Christ." Ever punctual in her religious duties, she was happy in the enjoyment of that christianity, which always yields its harvest of

peaceable fruits to those who cultivate it with a diligent hand, and embrace its doctrines with an undivided heart. Unlike too many professors, around the table of whose heart the Saviour is as a poor Lazarus, getting but the crumbs of affection, while the world—the rich man—fares sumptuously every day, she gave the richest of her heart's treasures to her Redeemer. The legitimate fruits of such fixedness of purpose, lively devotion in service and punctuality in duty, were "love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness and meekness," displayed in all her relations of life. In 1854, August 31, she was married by Prof. A. M. Shipp, to Rev. L. S. Burkhead, of the N. C. Conference. In this sphere of life, she showed those excellencies that make the wife "a help meet" and "a crown to her husband." That tender love that makes the pathway of married life and the desert of domestic affliction "rejoice and blossom as the rose"—that makes the "dark side of life" sunny with joy and its mute harp vocal with soothing music, flowed copiously from her heart sanctified with the spirit of piety to cheer her husband's heart and sweeten his arduous toils.—What is peculiarly beautiful in this deep, ardent affection, is its sweet blending with christianity. Love always makes the wife as lovely and fragrant as blossoms do the tree, but when it is refined and heightened by the gospel, it is then it adorns her with the fairer beauty and richer fragrance of the flowers of paradise.

In her correspondence, (to which we have access in composing the memoir) we find some passages glowing with love sanctified by the gospel. As the following: "My own one, I am happy in the reflection that I can unbosom my whole heart to you; and know that your warm and affectionate heart sympathises and rejoices with mine in all things. What a pleasure! *Religion has purified and exalted our love. Who would not be a Christian?*" The following extracts shows how her loving heart leaned upon God as the great stay of repose in uncertain matters. She says: "I fear your health is declining. But why should I fear? Will not our kind Heavenly Father take care of you? I sometimes feel sad about your condition, but then something tells me 'all will be for the best.' I hope so. I will feel easy about you. I would not do anything if I knew it to give you one gloomy thought. We are in the hands of God." How strong her love, yet who does not admire the faith that guides and sanctifies it as something of greater power?

But what was so commendable in her character as a wife,

was her ready cheerfulness to co-operate with her husband in advancing the cause of christianity. Such are the stern difficulties in itinerant life, that our preachers need all the encouragement that can be given them to make them persevere therein. When the strong influence of a beloved wife favors the itinerant, how much lighter is the burden made—how much smoother the road—how much longer the workman labors. But if the traveling preacher does not find a ready co-operation from his wife, but feels draw-backs hang around his neck by the soft fingers of wifely affection, how heavy the burden—how rough the road, and how many, alas, seek repose in location. But our departed sister threw no impediments in the way of the husband's calling, but sent fervent prayers to heaven for God's help, and with a hearty good will went whither he went, to co-operate in the holy cause of religion. Her cheerful going and constant praying were wings to lift him over the chasms and hills of itinerant life, and enable him to soar high in usefulness. How worthy of imitation in this co-operation. How often is the preacher's stream of usefulness turned into the stagnant pool of location by the wife's reluctance to travel at the sacrifice of domestic ease, that would by her cheerful consent flow on through the continent of half of a century, making its vallies yield annual harvests of gospel fruit. Let the sad experience of the past apologize for what we say on this point, and the lesson here taught be put on record for the edification of others. We will give a few extracts from her letters written to her husband when he was hesitating, because of precarious health, whether to take work or not, and had written to her for advice. She responds: "My dear, I do not know how to advise you. I feel my incompetency. But one thing let me say; I would not be one moment's hindrance to you in your work. 'Where thou goest there will I go cheerfully and gladly. I am your wife, and it is my duty to comfort and help you in your labor of love. Do what you believe to be your duty to God, who is ever mindful of his children.'" Again she writes: "My dear, I feel for you so much. I know your situation. It is hard for you to decide in regard to taking work next year. You want to do right, I know, and God forbid that I should say one word against it. God only can direct you. Every time I bow before the Throne of Grace I humbly pray that the Good Being may direct you, by His wisdom, in the path of duty. My dear husband, dearly as I love you, I feel that we ought to *sacrifice all for God*,—yea, even life itself. Apply to Him for counsel, and then walk according to the promptings of your own heart, directed by His providence. I will, as long as I

can utter a single word, unite with you at a Throne of Grace in beseeching God to direct you in every time of darkness and trial. And I feel and know that He will do by us what is right. My heart is much drawn out in prayer, and I feel that I intend to live more holy. Be cheerful; look to God for comfort and guidance, and work for Him while strength and life endures."

Who does not admire the rich vein of piety running through these letters—the trustful dependence on God—the wise counsel given, and her readiness to co-operate with her husband to promote the cause of religion? Her amiable spirit and pleasing manners won for her warm-hearted friends wherever she was known. The very large concourse of people, composed of all classes, that attended her funeral, and expressed their sympathy in tears, is clear evidence of her worthiness and estimable standing in her native village. Letters of condolence from abroad to her husband show what a favorable impression she made during her brief career through society, as the wife of a traveling preacher. We give one or two extracts:

"My afflicted brother: I cannot describe my feelings to you on reading Sister Burkhead's death in the paper. She was one of those dear ones who could not be known without being loved. Though my acquaintance with her was short, yet she was dearly loved by me, and her memory I shall ever cherish with the fondest recollection."

Her former instructor gives the following testimonial of her worth: "Yours, indeed, is no common loss. I knew your departed companion well. She was once a beloved pupil of mine. Nature had endowed her with a *clear head and a kind heart*, which grace sanctified. She possessed, in a high degree, candor, affability and benevolence, with a sweetness of temper that scarcely knew a ruffle. But she has gone! The purity of her life and the peacefulness of her death is your consolation."

Her triumphant death claims our attention next. During her protracted and painful illness, she exhibited sweet submissiveness to the Divine will, and displayed great Christian fortitude in her complicated sufferings. She died of puerperal fever, complicated with pneumonia. On the day of her death, Bro. Shipp and myself visited her. We found her calmly composed. He approached her with encouraging words, in which he referred to the "precious Saviour." She responded feelingly, "Jesus is always precious, and especially in the hour of death." Soon after, she began to sing in a distinct voice, "This world is not my home," when her eyes beamed with a heavenly lustre and deep composure. Before dying she called for her lovely baby, (about five weeks old,) and imprinted her last affectionate kiss upon his cheek, dedicating him to God. She prayed fervently that God would take care of him. She then called around her dying bed her beloved husband, father, mother and sisters, and kissing them affectionately, exhorted earnestly that they should be resigned to God's will in

taking her away, and meet her in heaven. Thus departed our beloved sister, leaving evidence of clear and unmistakeable ripeness for the celestial world. It was refreshing and strengthening to witness her triumph over death. Her triumphant victory over death, as we saw it with our own eyes, argued more potently the truth of Christianity, than book logic, and preached more thrillingly eloquent the transcendent worth of piety, than pulpit oratory. In her happy death we saw verified the saying, "Death is swallowed up in victory." "O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave! where is thy victory?" "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Such triumphs of the Gospel in the hour of death, seen in lifting the soul above the fear of "the king of terrors," and linking it forever to Him who is the inexhaustible fountain of eternal life, the everlasting strength of the dependent universe, and the shoreless ocean of pure blessedness, are eminently fitted to make the faith of the surviving "steadfast," their confidence "unmovable" in the Lord, and their work abounding in Christian life. Such was the influence of our sister's death upon those witnessing it. So that Christ was glorified both in her life and death. She has gone to rest, leaving to the world the rich legacy of a good example and a triumphant death. As a neighbor she was kind and charitable, as a friend open in candor and warm in attachment, as a daughter loving and dutiful, as a sister amiable and affectionate, as a wife pleasant in manners, fervently devoted in affection, intelligent in companionship, always studious to make her husband happy, and cheerfully gave up the charms of settled life to make him useful in the itinerant field. May this sore bereavement be sanctified to his good and the welfare of her grief-stricken family. We know the loss of our beloved brother is irreparable, and that his heart lies desolate and shattered under the heavy stroke of affliction; yet we are happy to know that he bears it with Christian fortitude and becoming submission.

The following beautiful lines were read by Prof. Shipp and sung by the congregation at the close of the sermon. She made reference to them on her dying bed, was very fond of singing them with her sisters, and doubtless thought them expressive of her sorrowing sisters' ardent love for her :

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely—
 Gentle as the summer breeze—
 Pleasant as the air of evening
 When it floats among the trees.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
 Peaceful in the grave so low :
 Thou no more wilt join our number—
 Thou no more our songs shalt know.

Dearest sister, thou hast left us !
 Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
 But 'tis God that hath bereft us ;
 He can all our sorrow heal.

Yet again we hope to meet thee
 When the day of life is fled ;
 Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.



